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Divine Paraphrases.

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To



To the Rev. *Ed. Young*. L. L. D.
Fellow of ALL-SOUL's College, Oxon.

Minister of *Welling*,

And Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty.

Rev. S I R,



HEN Poetry is born
in a Mind ennobled
by Learning, and ex-
alted above the nar-
row Views of Man-
kind, it is naturally
disposed to countenance its fa-
vourite Science, the Proof of
which I have experienced in your
Encouragement of these Para-
phrases, tho' in some of them, I have
touched upon a Subject that has al-
ready employed your Pen; so great
a Generousness of Soul, will, no
doubt, give a richer Tincture to
your

DEDICATION.

your Worth, and add to the Whiteness of your Shade.

WERE your Works all to perish, and no other Account be transmitted of you to Posterity, this alone would image to them at once, the good Christian, and great Poet. I may seem to have had no small Ambition, and indeed to have hoped beyond my Merit, when I prefix'd your Name to the imperfect Performance of so early a Muse; but excuse what your Goodness occasioned, and countenance (tho' worthless) the heartiest Off'ring he can make, who is,

Reverend SIR,

with the sincerest Respect,

*Your oblig'd, obedient,
and devoted humble Servant,*

TOM. HAMILTON.



Divine Paraphrases.

JOB the 37th Chap. Paraphrased.



H' ALMIGHTY'S Voice, the hollow
Skies resound,
And Worlds dissolve before the
dreadful Sound ;
It spreads abroad, thro' the vast
A L L it flies,
And Heaven, and Earth is delug'd
with the Noise.

Tremendous Noise! that bursting from on high.
In Thunder shakes the Circle of the Sky.
Th' astonish'd GLOBE returns the mighty Sound,
Whose Creatures tremble on her Convex Round!

Fierce thro' the broad Expanse, his Bolts he rolls,
And trembling Earth hangs rocking on her Poles :
Hence Terrors rise, and hence his Wrath is hurl'd,
When with pale Dread, he strikes the frighted World,
The Skies are shook, the fi'ry Tempests teem,
And Earth around, is vaulted with the Flame!

While

While struck with Awe, the whole Creation waits
The threatening Issues of impending Fates !
Thro' Nature's Frame, his signal Wonders shine,
Awful his Works; and dreadfully Divine !

He wills, and straight the Clouds the Snows prepare,
The whirling Fleeces throng the darken'd Air,
The feath'ry Show'rs, profusely cover all,
And in a dazling Waste of Lustre fall.

He speaks, and down the rainy Torrents pour,
And deluge Earth with the descending Show'r :
His Breath impress'd on Polar Skies, makes rare
Irriguous Fogs, and genders Frosts in Air ;
Thence downward blown, contracts the stormy Main,
And turns its Surface to a solid Plain.

From South, he bids the rushing Whirlwinds rise,
And in fierce Eddies, sweep along the Skies ;
To Earth, the rapid Storm, in Rage descends,
Whose shaggy Surface, all before it bends ;
The Mountains shake, the lofty Forrests fly,
And sturdy Oaks beneath the Tempest lie,
From Parent Earth torn up, and snatch'd away,
They're whirl'd aloft, and tost in sportive Play.

With Vapours bright, th' Ætherial Arch he crowds,
And spreads the Concave, Heaven, with Silver Clouds,
That mov'd by his wise Counsels, all around
Shed Dews prolifick, and enrobe the Ground.

Divine Paraphrases.

7

Hear'st thou not, J O B, the Thunder of his Voice?
And shrinks thy Soul not at the dreadful Noise?
When the loud Roar affrights the shaken Round,
And all the Concave echo's to the Sound.

Who form'd this Globe, and all the Spheres on high,
And strew'd with sparkling Stars, the vaulted Sky?
Know'st when from Nothing's fruitful Womb, he brought
Their Embrio Seeds, conglobing out of Nought,
That 'neath his forming Word, their Figure drew,
And into Being, all harmonious grew?
Or when his radiant Lamp, divinely gay,
Disclos'd the Deep, and teem'd emergent DAY?
Or how the Clouds bespread th' Ætherial Plain,
Float on the Skies, and swim the pure Serene?
How on the azure Arch, their Bodies bear?
How poiz'd aloft, and balanc'd high in Air?

Where wast thou, say, when sudden as he spoke,
Sun, Moon, and Stars, their radiant Figure took?
When Heav'n aloft did its bright Roof display,
That round him, like a Chrystal Mirrour lay?
Who sees the whole Creation on him rest,
HIMSELF Creator, and HIMSELF confes'd.

Part

Part of the 104th Psalm Paraphrased.

With Honour cloath'd, th' Almighty stands display'd,
 Like orient Morn, in Golden Clouds array'd ;
 Brighter than DAY, his Majesty takes Place,
 And shines effulgent from his Heav'nly Face,
 Enwrap't in Light's insufferable Rays,
 That flame incessant, and reflecting blaze.

Round specious Earth, he did the Heav'ns roll,
 Wide ambient Curtains hung from either Pole ;
 The new-born Day, streak'd with enam'ling Dye,
 Fring'd them with Gold, and purpl'd them on high.

His Chambers hewn from Light, condens'd arise,
 With Golden Roofs, enwrought on Chrystal Skies ;
 Sustain'd by Pillars all divinely bright,
 Dazling and solid, with emburnish'd Light.

Around himself a crimson Cloud he bow'd,
 Which form'd his Chariot, that intensely glow'd,
 And o'er it Sheets of Aerial Purple drew,
 With Light emboss'd, and Clouds of orient Hue ;
 Thro' vaulted Skies, he all effulgent rolls,
 Bounds o'er the airy Arch, and shakes the Poles.

On rapid Winds, th' Almighty flies abroad,
 That float obsequious to his awful Tread ;
 Beneath his Feet, their quiv'ring Pinions play,
 Feel all the G O D, and waft him on his Way.

Divine Paraphrases.

9

d,
y'd,
He speaks, and lo, the pregnant Mandate teems,
With Forms embody'd with Cælestial Flames :
The Word takes Life, and Shape, and rises bright,
Pure Angels figur'd with transparent Light,
Immortal Spirits all, who at a Nod,
Around him stand, fair Emblems of their God,
Basking before his Throne, on radiant Wings,
And at his Word, denounce the Fate of Things,
Fly with the early Birth, at th' awful Sound,
Thro' the wide Circle of the World's great Round.

This Globe he hung within its rolling Sphere,
Poyz'd by its Heaven, and permanent in Air,
So fix'd it firmly in the ambient Sky,
And bade its Basis, Air, around it lie,
That might unshaken, and unmov'd remain,
Self-poyz'd, and ballanc'd, on th' Ætherial Plain.

Thro' hoary Time, my forming Fancy brings
A rising Deluge o'er the Face of Things ;
What sudden Change presents her wond'ring View,
The World seems plung'd in *Chaos* all anew !
Th' op'ning Heav'ns their gushing Torrents pour,
Unfluice their Floods, in one embody'd Show'r,
Fierce in descending Cataracts they fall,
A Wilderness of Waters hide the Ball !
The rising Floods broke loose, outrageous roar,
And scorn the Bounds of their Terrestrial Shore ;
The left'ning Hills they gain, at G O D's Command,
He And high above th' enormous Mountains stand ;

B

They

They beat for Banks, the circling Skies around,
And only seem with one vast Æther bound.

He wills again : and straight the Floods abate,
And late drown'd Mountains, rising, brave their Fate ;
The bulky Waters quit their airy Bounds,
And seek their destin'd Banks, and solid Mounds ;
They sink before the Thunder of his Voice,
Hills rise to View, and in the Sound rejoice,
Earth soon within herself restrain'd the Flood,
The Flood within its Shores embas'd stood ;
Things smil'd anew, and from the Guilt of all,
Serene, and glitt'ring, rose the ambient Ball ;
The nodding Forests dropt with orient Dew,
And Earth shin'd fresh, in one harmonious View.

Around the Floods, strong Mounds he firmly wrought,
By Pow'r unbounded, and unfathom'd Thought ;
With rigid Rocks (his Adamantine Doors)
He barr'd them in, and wall'd their hollow Shores.

PSALM 29 Paraphrased.

TH' Almighty's Voice, o'er the vast Waters broods,
Keeps dreadul there, and shakes the trembling Floods,
Bids th' Ocean roar, then wills a solemn Calm,
Boils it a fresh, and speaks the raging Storm.

Divine Paraphrases.

II

His Voice, with Majesty around him flies,
And bends with hallow'd Sound, th' astonish'd Skies;
Rolls o'er the sinking World, with dreadful Sweep,
Shakes all the Mountains, and divides the Deep;
While Thunders roar, with a tremendous Noise,
The awful Eccho that attends his Voice!

His Voice directs the raging Flames to roll,
And burst in Thunder, from the trembling Pole,
Enwraps the vengful Ball, that draws from high,
A Flood of Lightning, streaming down the Sky.

Before his Voice, the Cedars shake around,
And bend incumbent to the dreadful Sound;
Far, far too weak, th' Almighty's Breath to stay,
They fly like Plains of Dust, and melt away,
While th' Oaks of *Lebanon*, and *Sirion* break,
And all the Hills of *Kadish*, round him shake.

Above those Floods, he's pleas'd aloft to roll,
He sits, and leans his Arms on either Pole,
The Waters tremble, and confess their King,
And in hoarse Murmurs, to th' ETERNAL Sing;
They speak aloud his Name, with deaf'ning Roar,
The Heav'ns resound, and Seas rebellow to the Shore.

J O B Chap. 38 Paraphrased.

FR O M founding Whirlwinds of tremendous Noise,
Th' E T E R N A L spoke, and speaking, shook the Skies.

Who dares resist J E H O V A H's awful Nod ?
Or face the Presence of th' Immortal G O D ?
Can'st thou J O B ? Can'st thou to the *Thundrer* speak ?
At his dread Voice the trembling A L L shall shake.
Where wa'st thou, when I bade the Mountains rise,
And circumvolv'd the Earth with azure Skies,
Compress'd it firmly round with ambient Air,
Which on that Basis stands establish'd there ?
Who laid the Measure of its specious *Round*,
And stretch'd the Concord Line on the *Profound* ?
Who poiz'd in Air, this vast stupend'ous A L L,
And fix'd the Corner-Stone of this great Ball ?
When the glad Morning-Stars together sung,
In Heav'nly Confort, and harmonious Song ;
The Sons of G O D, to hail the balmy Voice,
With Shouts of Joy, did in the Sound Rejoice,
And sang the Day, the Day the Heav'ns resound,
And loud Hosannas shook the ravish'd *Round* ;
While all the list'ning Spheres, in Transport hung,
Still caught the Voice, and eccho'd it along.

Who from the Womb of Waters, pour'd the Main ?
Was't not J E H O V A H, did its Rage restrain ?
And shut it up with Hills, his rampart Doors,
To boil ingulph'd, within its concave Shores,

With

With Mountains high, and rising Mounds to brave
The furious Torrent of the rushing Wave;
With dusky Clouds, he rob'd it all around,
And arch'd the Skies, that vaults the vast *Profound*.

Haft thou from the dread Womb of sable Night,
Commanded Morn, to gild the Heav'ns with Light?
Or the Day-Star to know her destin'd Place,
And shew alternately her beauteous Face?

Haft thou e'er seen whence foaming Ocean brings
Her vast Floods, boiling from capacious Springs?
Explor'd the Womb of the unfathom'd Deep,
Where her black congregated Waters sleep?

Has Death's dark Gates, e'er to your View display'd
Grim Horrors, brooding o'er the dusky Shade?
Or hast thou seen, on the immortal *Round*,
His gloomy Shadows rest in dread *Profound*?

Can'st thou Earth's Breadth, and utmost Bounds survey,
And view Light's Mansions teem with beaming Day?
Or Darkness, thro' her sable Regions trace,
To her black Home, and dismal Dwelling-Place?

Haft' seen my Hail, and Magazines of Snow,
A Weight of Vengeance, treasur'd for my Foe,
To crush with pond'rous Deaths in Storms of War,
When Battle Flames, and spreads the Ruin far?

How doth the Dawn for orient Winds prepare,
 A Passage thro' the roſie Gates of Air,
 To part the Morning Clouds, profuſely gay,
 With Crimſon, Gold, and Purple's rich Array?

Who ſcoop'd the Globe, and ſunk th' o'erflowing Tides,
 To boil embafon'd in its Concave Sides?
 Or thro' the Clouds, for Lightning mark'd away,
 And gave the fiery Tempeſt Room to play?
 That thence enſuing Show'rs might quench the Plain,
 That gladly drinks the Sem'nal Drops of Rain.

Hath Rain a Sire, that in fierce Torrents fall,
 Toſt by the Winds, diffuſive o'er the Ball?
 Or who begot the Dew, whoſe Drops adorn
 With one harmonious Scene, the bluſhing Morn?
 Who Froſt congeals, doſt thou her Dwelling know?
 In whoſe Womb doth the rigid Embrio grow?
 Or the pure Fleaks of Snow, whence downward whirld?
 To ſpread with dazling Waſtes, the nether World?
 As with a Stone, who ſpreads the Ocean o'er,
 Seals up the Deep, and ſtills the deaf'ning Roar?

The *Pleiades* ſweet Powers, canſt thou reſtrain,
 And bound their Journies on the Stary Plain?
 Or can'ſt *Orion's* ſtormy Bands unty,
 That whirls his Tempeſts from the Southern Sky?
 Can'ſt bid *Mazzaroth* know, his deſtin'd Hour,
 And o'er the Polar Skies, his Luſtre pour?
 Thro' th' airy Space, can'ſt guide *Arcturus* Way,
 And his bright Sons, that drink the Beams of Day?

Or can'st thou bid the genial Clouds to rise,
And drop their fatt'ning Moisture from the Skies ?
Or high in Air, descending Waters stay,
That rush impetuous, down th' Ætherial Way ?

Can'st thou ope' Heav'n, and bid the Light'nings teem,
And flood the Vault of Air, with winged Flame,
That they may boast, 'tis here we glare on high,
Here hurl our Thunder from the flaming Sky ?

Will't rouse the Deer ? prepare the Lions Food,
When hungry in his Den he roars aloud ?
Or in his Favour bid the Jav'lin play ;
Transfix the Wound, and yield him up his Prey ?
Feed their grim Young, that in dread Homes abide,
Couch in their Dens, and in the Coverts hide,
Still lie in wait, and keep the gloomy Wood,
Trusting to that uncertain Chance of Food ?

Who for the fable Rav'n, her Meat prepares,
While in her croaking Note, the desert Shares,
When fierce her hungry Young are heard around,
To cry to G O D, and make the Vally sound ;
Wand'ring for lack of Food, all Places tries,
And o'er the dismal Ruin, solitary cries ?

Part of the 18th P S A L M Paraphrased.

I'LL praise the LORD, the LORD's my Strength I
know,

His Courts with Love, his Lips with Mercy flow ;
 He is my Shield, my GOD in whom I'll trust,
 The certain, sure, Deliverer of the Just ;
 My brazen Buckler, Fortrefs, and high Tow'r,
 And Rock of my Salvation founded on his Pow'r.

To him my Voice I'll raise who sits on high,
 Almighty King of vast Infinity,
 And from my Foe, I'll stand secure of Wound,
 Arm'd with his Love, and shielded all around.

The Pangs of Death my Fears innundent pour,
 And o'er my Head like gloomy Clouds they low'r ;
 The dreadful Noise of Armies round me rear,
 Like murm'ring Billows, breaking on the Shore.
 The Snares of Death were all about me spread,
 That ready lay, for my devoted Head ;
 And Hell's grim Anguish, black with Horror stood,
 And gloomy, lower'd in Fields of hostile Blood.

When thus distress'd, and compass'd with Despair,
 To GOD, I humbly sent my Voice in Prayer,
 Up to his Throne, the mournful Accents go,
 And in his Ear, diffuse themselves in Woe ;

Out of his holy Place, he heard my Cry,
And quick, to my Relief, came flying thro' the Sky.

Then trembling Earth was fill'd with awful Dread,
That conscious, shook before the angry G O D ;
And all the Hills with silent Horror struck,
Around him rock'd, as when by Earthquakes shook,
Thick Clouds of Smoak, from's vengeful Breath did rise,
That roll'd incumbent on the darken'd Skies ;
From his dread Mouth, the fi'ry Floods consume,
And glare tremendous thro' the dusky Gloom.

He bow'd the Heav'ns on high, from whence he came,
And shone emblaz'd in one effulgent Flame ;
Beneath his Feet the darkeſt Shades he threw,
And on the Winds, and flaming Cherubs flew.
So the fierce Ligh'tnings darting from afar,
Denounce the Thunder, and proclaim the Roar.

Thro' th' airy Space, in Regal Pomp he rode,
Flaming incessant, with the Eternal G O D,
All Royally he came, enwreath'd with Rays
That did like fiery Arrows round him blaze :
Thus clad, the Skies on high did greatly fear,
And trembling, bore him thro' the burning Air.

He scoop'd the Floods that did beneath him lie.
And sunk the dread Pavilion in the Sky.

Part of the 18th P S A L M Paraphrased.

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His Courts with Love, his Lips with Mercy flow ;
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That did like fiery Arrows round him blaze :
Thus clad, the Skies on high did greatly fear,
And trembling, bore him thro' the burning Air.

He scoop'd the Floods that did beneath him lie.
And sunk the dread Pavillion in the Sky.

Thus he with Pow'r his secret Place did form,
And hung it round with Clouds of sable Gloom,
Whence in the Armament of Heav'n array'd,
He came in Fullness of his Power display'd.
Before him, did refulgent Brightness fly,
That with a Stream of Glory mark'd the Sky,
Then kindl'd Coals came blazing in their Ire,
In Bolts of Thunder, and in Storms of Fire.

His awful Voice, the Heav'ns resounding ring,
And speaks aloud the World's tremendous King;
When down the deep Abyss, the solemn Sound
Shakes the wide Circle of the trembling Round.

His Clouds in hostile Ranks embattl'd rise,
And stain with sudden Gloom, the low'ring Skies:
Hence Tempests hurl, and hence my Foes engage,
Conglobe their Hail, and in dread Thunders rage,
Launch forth their vengeful Bolts, exhaust their Ire,
And burst with sounding Cataracts of Fire.

His missive Arrows wing'd with Vengeance flew,
Dispers'd my Foes, and all before him flew;
His Lightnings flood the Skies, the Skies around
Are plung'd in Flame, that vault the trembling Ground;
In dreadful Whirlwinds of tempestuous Fire,
They sweep the Field, the Field in Flames expire.
Still combat on my Side, and from afar
Deal fiery Deaths, and teem with Torrid War.

Before the Blast his Indignation blew,
The Waters fled, and from their Source withdrew,
Then all the deep Abyss disclos'd around,
Th' unfathom'd Channels of the vast *Profound*.

Thus, firm in my Deserice th' Almighty stood,
And gave me Passage thro' the raging Crowd;
Screen'd me from mighty Foes, with powerful Fate,
That strove to Wreck the Vengeance of their Hate.

The 21st the 27th and 8th *Verses* of the 14.
and 15. *Chapters* of EXOD. Paraphrased.

MOSES with Power divine, stretch'd forth his Hand,
And Eastern Winds blew fierce at GOD's Command
That shock the Ocean to its utmost Bound,
Which opening wide ingulph'd the Hosts around.

The Seas divide, the Wat'ry Mountains rise,
Heaps upon Heaps, Waves of enormous Size.

The deep Abyss grew dry, and all around
Display'd, the Channels of the vast *Profound*;
The Billows stood, and wond'ring ceas'd to roar
In solid Heaps, and joy'd the distant Shore;
On either Side, the liquid Mountains lay,
And *Israel* pass'd as in a Valley thro' the Sea.

The stelfast Deeps that long suspended stood,
Broke from on high, and pour'd the Headlong Flood;

The tossing Billows roll enormous back,
 Collect their Rage, and all indignant break ;
 Waves push on Waves, the headlong Torrents pour,
 The Surge falls tumbling with a hideous Roar ;
 The hollow Deeps, with dreadful Noise resound,
 The World's stupend'ous Basis shakes around ;
 The Waters with tumultuous Rage, resume
 Their wonted Place, and boiling work their Foam,
 Now swell their Channels, and their Banks explore,
 And roll inundant, to their native Shore.

A P O E M in blank Verse, deduced from
 the following Words of *J O B*.

*Who is this that darkneth Counsel by Words
 without Knowledge.*

TH E Heav'ns give Way, and all the Stars make
 Room,

When royally I pass my golden Gates
 Drawn in my Chariot, by flying Seraphs,
 Emburnish'd with th' Effulgence of my Beams ;
 While crowding Cherubims around me throng,
 And ev'ry Sphere resounds my hallow'd Name.

When thus supremely great, high bounding o'er
 The Chrystal Hills, and stary Fields of Light,
 The radiant Spheres profusely all around,

Bespread

Bespread with Clouds of Gold, my Heavenly Road,
And strew wi h their whole Host of Stars my Way,
While Sun and Moon stop on th' Ætherial Plains,
And stand adoring, while I pass their Orbes.

Effulgent, and ineffable I shine,
Awfully great, with Majesty emblaz'd
And cloath'd in Light, gorg'ously resplendent:
Th' Angelick Host their *Hallelujahs* join,
And in loud Anthems sing abroad my Praise,
While all the ambient Arch of Concave Spheres,
Melodious Eccho the resounding Strains.

By me the harmonious Spheres revolve : Mo
The whole Creation owns *Omnipotent*.
Who treads the Poles Superior, and thence
Looks down on that low Atom Globe, but I?
Can the *Creature* fathom the CREATOR?
Or limit him with Thought, who from nothing
Form'd into Harmony the specious ALL?
Who gave Bounds to his far beaming Mansions,
And laid the Basis on the Arch of Heav'n?
Amidst the shining Host of *Stars*, that pour
Their tributary Rays before his Throne,
Gilding his hallow'd Thresholds, and his Roofs on high.

At my Command, ev'n Sceptres rise and fall,
Worlds sink, and Skies dissolve before my Look,

Monarchs

Monarchs wanton in my Smiles; at a Nodd
I'm heard; obey'd, that solemn Seal of Fate,
And firm eternal Sanction of my Will.

Whole Nature, to her inmost Center shakes,
And *Sun*, and *Moon*, and *Stars* look pale, when e'er
I'm heard in the solemn Roar of Thunder.

Revolving Time shall stop its rapid Course,
And all the whirling ORBS of Light stand still,
Dissolved, and blotted from their radiant Spheres,
When e'er I come to judge the trembling World,
High Thron'd on Pillars of tremend'ous Light,
The Skies op'ning, to display my Presence
Flooded o'er with the Beams of my Glory,
And circl'd, with Myriads of *Angels*,
Tending me with loud Hosannas thro' the Air.

As my Trumpet foundeth in th' Vast of Heav'n,
And spreads o'er trembling Earth the dread Alarm,
The lab'ring *Globe* shall op' her darksome Womb,
And, in Convulsive Throws, untomb the dead,
Whose scatter'd Parts shall urge their rapid Way,
Conglobe their Atoms, and collect their Seeds,
Resume their Shape, and stand confess'd in Man.

These at my Trumpet's Voice, shall all appear,
In crowding Millions spread the Face of Earth,
And stand agast to see their awful Judge,

Drawn thro' the Clouds that part to make him Room,
In his bright Chariot flaming to the Winds,
Wrapt up in Magnificence of Glory,
And Floods of Light terribly refulgent.

Thus confess'd, thro' Heav'n's wide ambient Arch,
Vest'd with Majesty, and Pow'r immense,
Who shall murmur, or mark my just Commands?
Wast not th' *Omniscient*, JEHOVAH made 'em?
The *Omnipresent*, and *Omnipotent*?

My Will makes Holy, and all th' Actions
Of Heav'n, sanctify the Deeds of the DIVINE;
So whether wou'd the discontented prie
Into the dark Abyss of my Decrees,
Hid in the profound unlimited ETERNAL?

Neither the 29th Psalm, the 37th or 38th Chapters of
JOB are fully paraphrased.

F I N I S.

Dietary Supplements



